

WINTER
Compliments of the Season
BY THE EDITOR

DEC. 1883

PS 8481

E5

P6

[James Penny]

5.-

POEMS.

T

8

76-01
PE 5992p
Harris

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE'S BOOK,
"MEMORIES OF CANADA."

"O, Caledonia, stern and wild
Meet nurse for a poetic child."

LOST IS LORNE! But from Albion's shores;
The rich vein of his mental stores;
Wafted across the envious seas,
Wing flow'rets of his "memories."
Five placent years of cultured gain;
Five thrifty years, by land, by main;
A lusty nation's bold outlook,
All culminate within the book.

Mark well the poem, fluent prose,
The rhyme, the reason, they disclose;
The sense, the wit. Be't not forgot
They're written by a brother Scot.
"O Land o' Cakes! Land o' the Leal!"
Thou sturdy prop of England's weal,
Thy sons lie low on every brae,
Renowned by deeds that nations sway.

Thy feats of arms, thy songs, thy story,
Stand as synonyms of glory;
While Science, Logic, Art, we ken,
Uprise from heather, hill and glen.

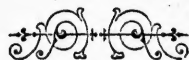
When James the First, of Scotland Sax,
Bid internecine strife relax
Twixt Highland Clan and Sassenach,
And cease death's wailing coronach:

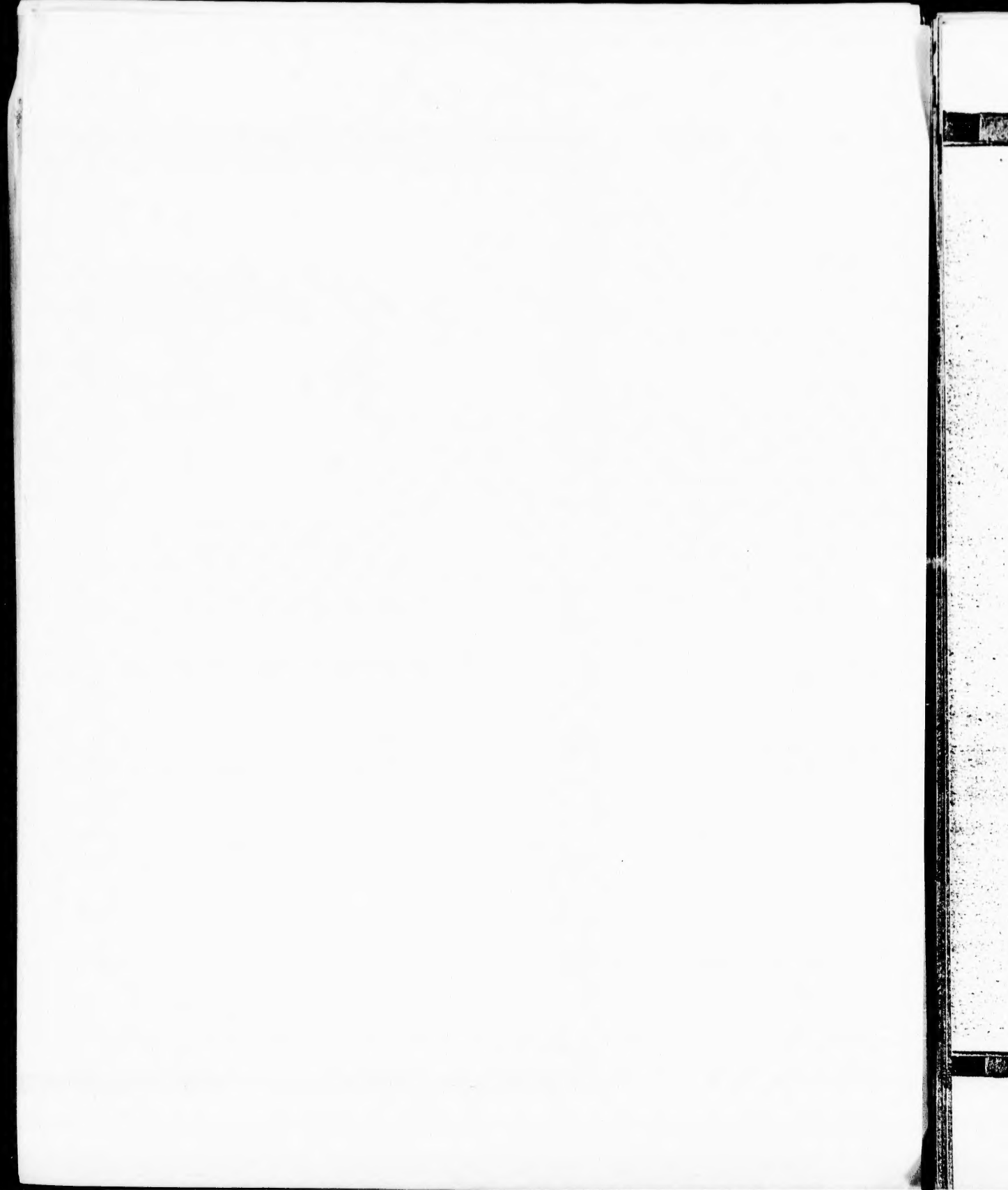


Deemed little he the day would dawn,
On Scottish moor or English lawn,
That erst-while foes, in twin-like band,
Would each, each others foes withstand :
And not alone on native ground—
On ev'ry soil where Scots are found—
'Neath spreading palm ; on Egypt's sand ;
Bright plains of Ind ; Crimean strand ;
As one they fought ; O, dauntless pride !
As one they conquered ; one they died ;
Shoulder to Shoulder ! rallying cry ;
Shoulder to Shoulder ! mouldering lie ;
In rugged cairn, or arid sod,
'Neath the vast canopy of God.

The truest friend a Briton knows,
Hails whence the scented heather blows,
Where Tay and Tweed's dark waters pour
Through Caledonia's rifted shore,
And countless keels majestic ride
On the proud breast of queenly Clyde.

MONTREAL, Christmas, 1883.





THE BACHELOR AND THE BABE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

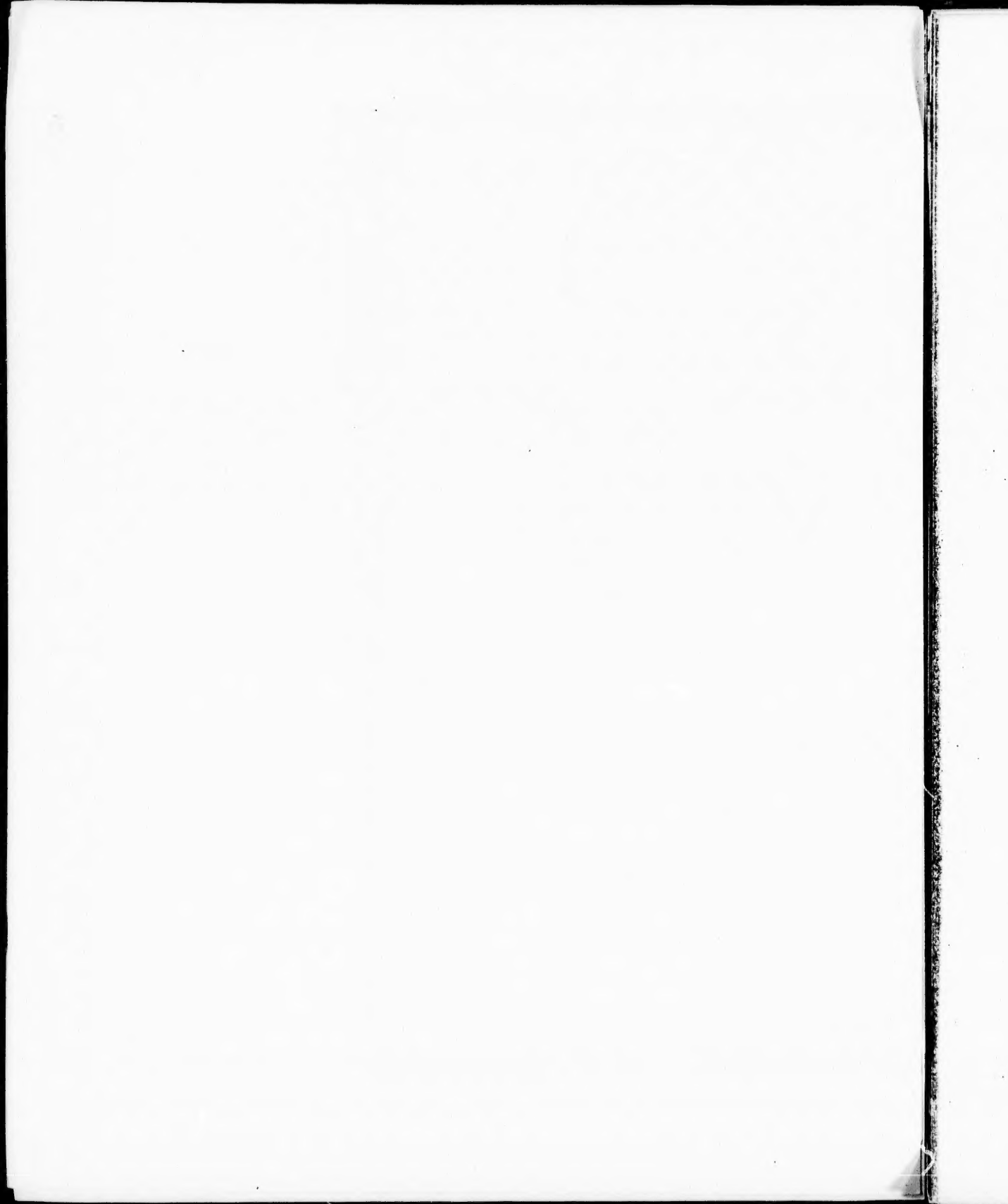
"And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks, ye backwards throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow:
Ye wun to hear a melting tale."



ONCE on a time, not long ago,

When Mother Earth was clad in snow;
When jingling sleigh-bells rang full chime,
And trotters fast, though past their prime,
Ran neck by neck with faulty gait,
Hurrying on their equine fate;
And stalwart youth and merry maid,
By etiquette nor prudence staid,
Dashed down the street in fierce delight,
All reckless of the waning light.
Sharp snapp'd the whip! a smothered cry
Betrayed the maiden's ecstasy,
While he with manly effort tries
To gain her love and win the prize.
Here met the gayest of the gay,
The dark, the fair, in fit array.
So fashion rules the dress, the drive—
Ten thousand on its votaries thrive—
And Hymen foremost on the roll,
Takes full, and frequent, fateful toll.

Old Christmas laughed a hearty laugh,
Like ancient topers when they quaff
A fruity wine refined by age,
Which connoisseurs, with sapient nods,
Declare fit tipple for the gods;
And sipping, look most wond'rous sage.



He laughed, Ha! Ha! The hoary scout,
 Has started many a jolly rout :
 Mine is the time for festive sport,
 When wit and wisdom can assort ;
 Bring tale and joke and repartee,
 Well intermixed with courtesy ;
 Bring song and glee and cadenc'd rhyme ;
 Sweet music to beguile the time.
 Mine is the time ! Be wise and gay ;
 Let friendship shine ! Laugh while you may !

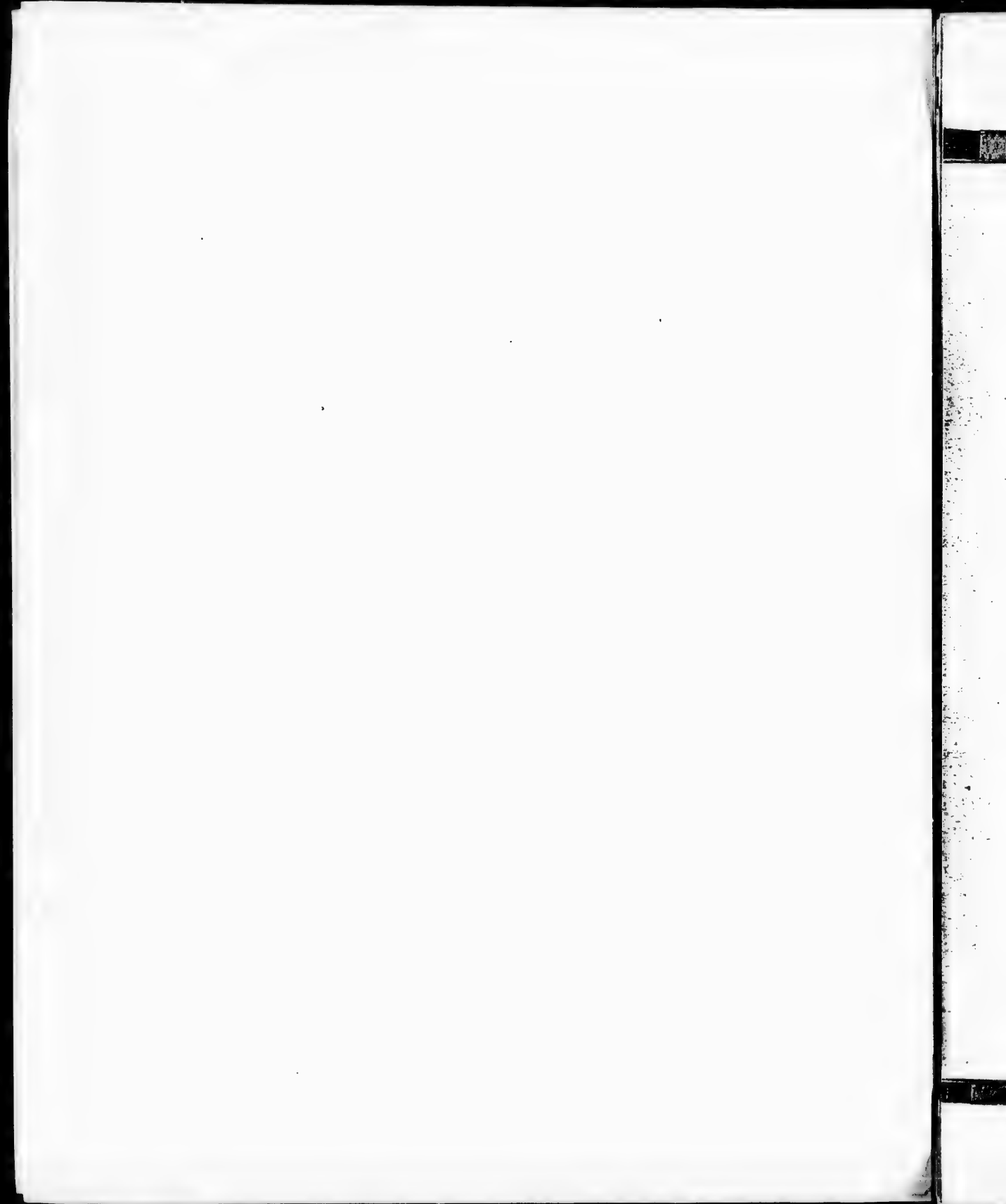
* * * * *

No sooner said, than, Lo ! 'twas done :
 Anticipation soon begun,
 And Cupid sharp'd his fleetest dart,
 To gently pierce each tender heart,
 Which, all unconscious of the pain,
 Fell willing victim midst the slain.
 The festive season broached the thought ;
 The germ to fruit was promptly brought :
 And Smith agreed, mid plaudits hearty,
 That Smith and wife should give the party.

* * * * *

And now arose,
 You may suppose,
 The thrilling question of the day,
 What shall I wear ?
 How dress my hair ?
 What ? practice, 'gainst I'm asked to play.
 Miss Brown, that night,
 Will dress in white :
 Miss Jones in ruby tints appear :
 But, I in puce,
 Will play the deuce,
 And dazzle ev'ry man, that's clear.
 I know I'll dance
 With John de.France ;
 Of that I'm pretty certain ;
 And then he'll slide,
 I, gently glide
 And—talk behind the curtain.

* * * * *



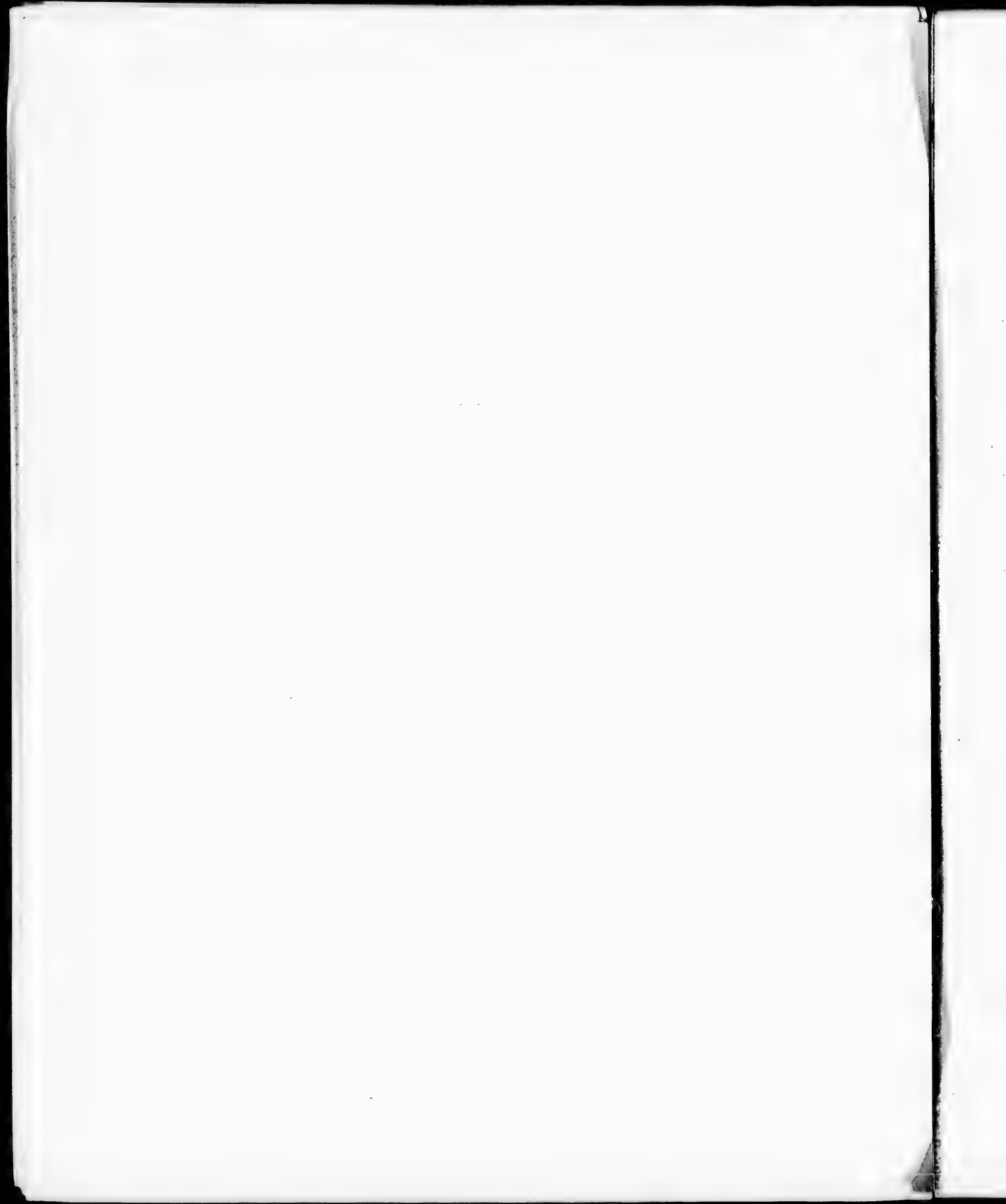
Now merrily, cheerily, over the street,
 Rattle the willing horse's feet,
 So gallantly, valiantly, tugging the rein,
 But straining and pulling and tugging in vain ;
 Nor half so buoyantly, brilliantly gay,
 As the couple who ride within the sleigh.

* * * *

Now in the door
 The legions pour,
 And quickly mount the lightéd stair,
 But here and there,
 We scan a pair,
 Lingering beside the flowers fair.
 So ev'ry one, the gay, the sage,
 With juveniles of middle age,
 Flings happy quirk and merry jest,
 Intent on adding to the zest ;
 Determined that in every sense,
 Their mirth should flow without pretence.
 Among the assembled joyous crew—
 My Certes ! they numbered not a few—
 Was one we seldom meet—a bachelor,
 Of forty years—I may say more—
 Of studious habits, prim in mien,
 So bashful that, sure ne'er was seen
 His like among the Saxon race,
 For blush would simply blush efface,
 If spoken to by quizzing maid,
 Or cornered by a spinster staid.

* * * *

How strange, the change,
 By contrast grew,
 When *Mere* and *Ange*
 Came into view ;
 So calm, content,
 In mother's pride.
 " Sweet innocent "
 Young ladies cried :



Still permeating through the throng,
 Rose words of commendation strong,
 Six months ! O, no ! my darling pet,
 Six months, indeed ! not three months yet.
 They circle round, admire the dimpled chin, the
 smile, the pout ;
 So much like Pa, and yet like Ma, his legs, his
 arms, so stout.

* * * * *

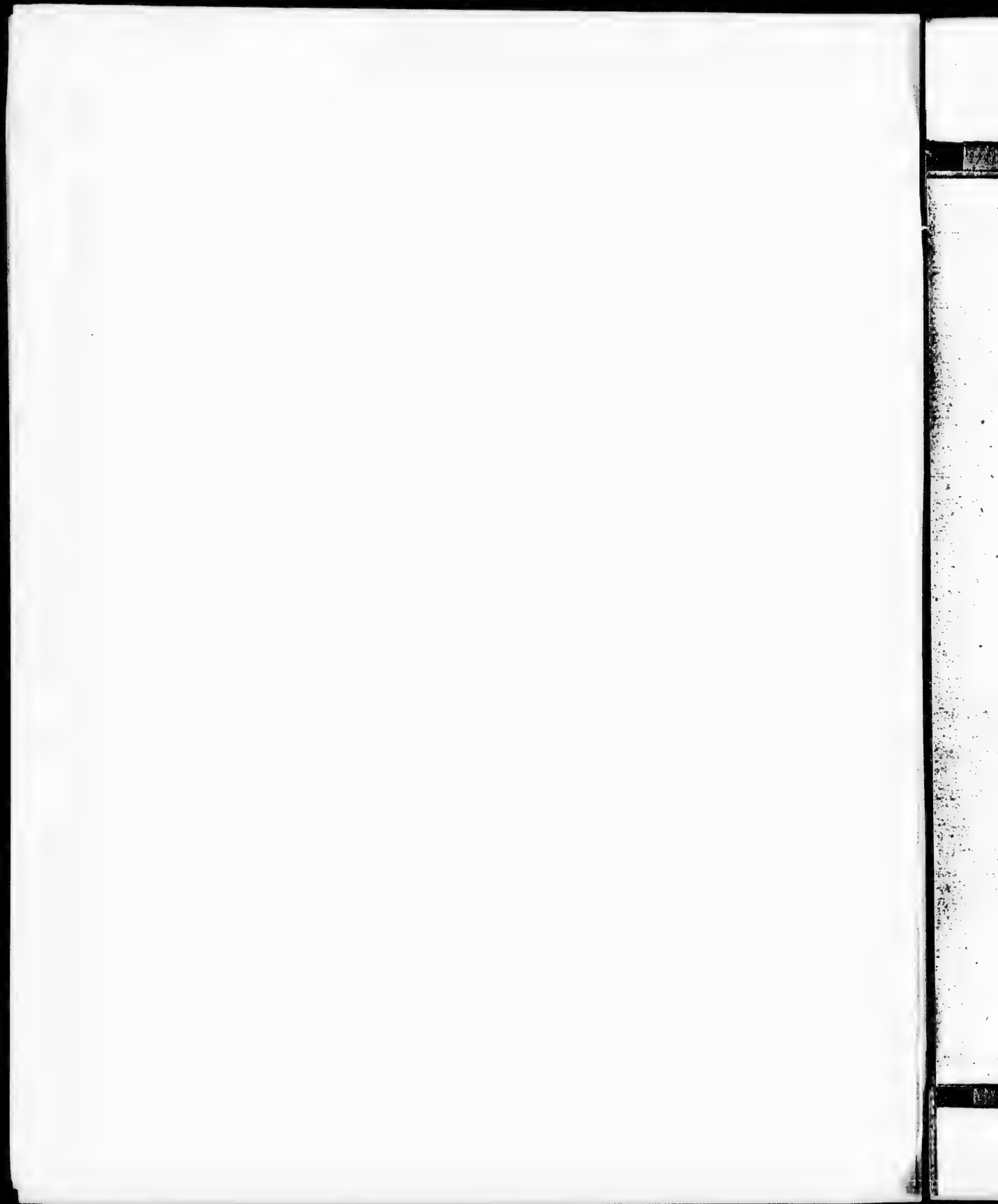
Fast and furious grew the fun,
 Gay and jolly ev'ry one ;
 The ancient game Kiss in the ring,
 And Kisses sly out of the ring ;
 The staid Quadrille ; the Schottische gay ;
 The Polka's all engrossing sway ;
 The Cards ; the forfeits of the play ;
 Who cares to win e'en if he may ?
 And then, O, hallowed mistletoe !
 Thy rights we claim and glad bestow.

Now to avoid the dinning noise,
 And eke maintain the baby's poise,

He's fed,
 Then led
 To bed,

And whether by intent or not
 Lies snug ensconced in bachelor's cot.
 Some hurry down, some tiptoe creep,
 The mother thinks she'll take a peep,
 Yet listen if the baby sleep ;

When Oh ! the tune,
 So sprightly, soon
 Drew her within
 The enchanting din,
 And quick forgot
 The quiet cot,
 Where, sleeping sound,
 Her babe was found.



To tell of all the jovial fun,
 The vows, the courtships just begun,
 The songs, the dance, the merry reel,
 The rhythm of the toe and heel,
 Would far exceed the space that I,
 Knowing the witching hour of night is nigh,
 Could tell the tythe ; so let us now suppose,
 The tale well told *and* travel to a close.
 Suffice to say the ball is o'er
 As gay a ball as those of yore
 For young leaves grown each vernal spring
 Renew *autumnal* withering.

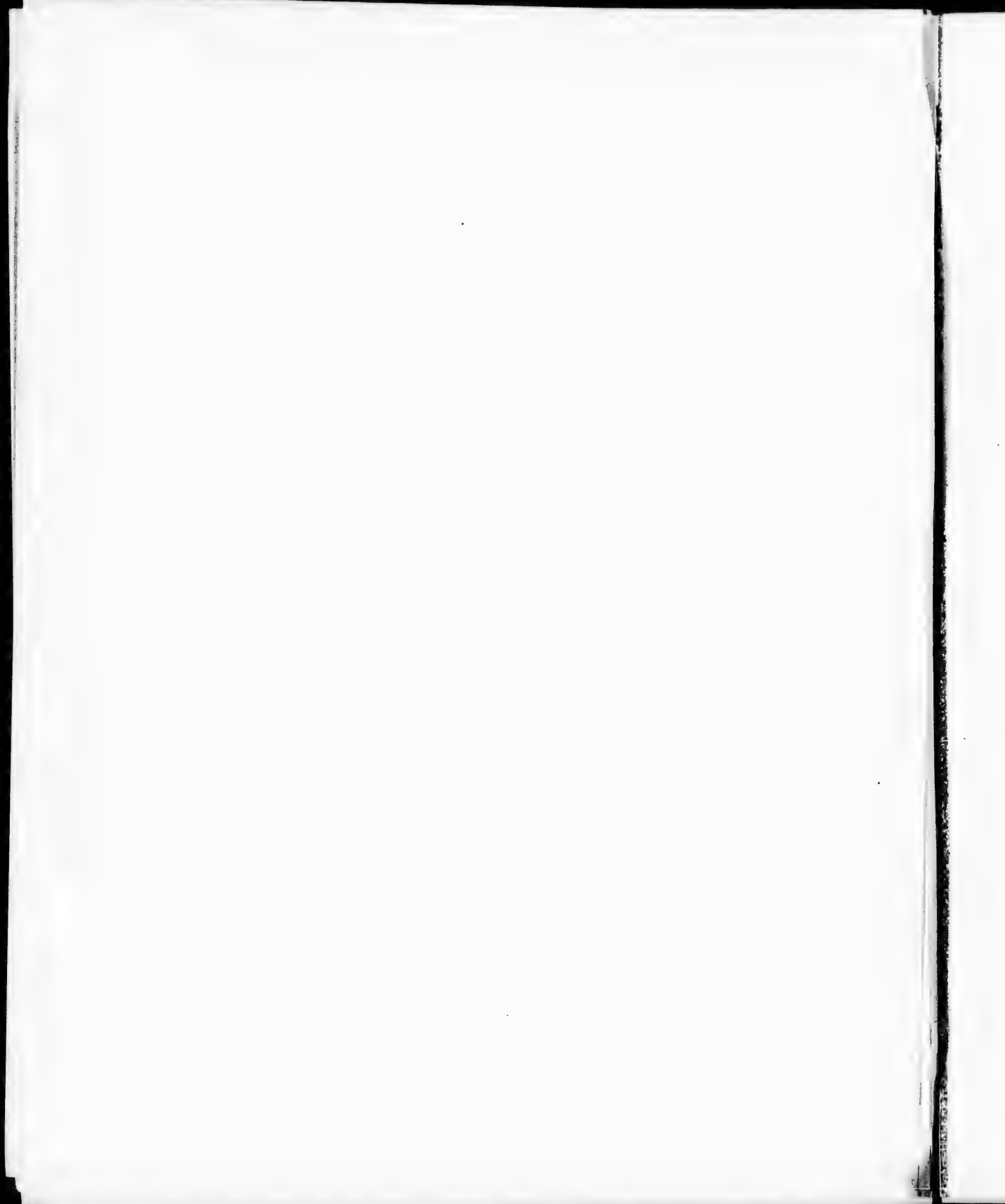
Now in the room, now in the hall,
 Where flickering shadows faintly fall ;
 Where hat and cloak and shadowy veil,
 Lie mixed in gay confusion ;
 With John and Jane, and George and Grace,
 And Harry Smith and Mary Mace,
 What caution can the least avail ?

Thus met in deep collusion.

Ha ! Ha ! they say,
 By op'ning day,
 Some tender scenes
 'Neath gauzy screens ;
 Some slight mishaps
 'Neath fleecy wraps,
 We might perceive,
 Would slightly grieve
 Our dear Mamma,
 Or kind Papa ;
 But which, 'tis well
 We should not tell.

* * * * *

So now with beaming eyes. the parting o'er
 In two's and three's, or clustered, more and more,
 They stride along ; low whispering, who can tell ?
 Yet lingering oft to wish a new farewell.



" Good night ! good night !
 The stars are bright,
 The moon shines wond'rous clear,
 We'll gaily dare
 The bracing air.
 There's nothing else to fear ;
 With pleasant talk
 Beguile the walk.
 Come on, come on, my dear.

* * * *

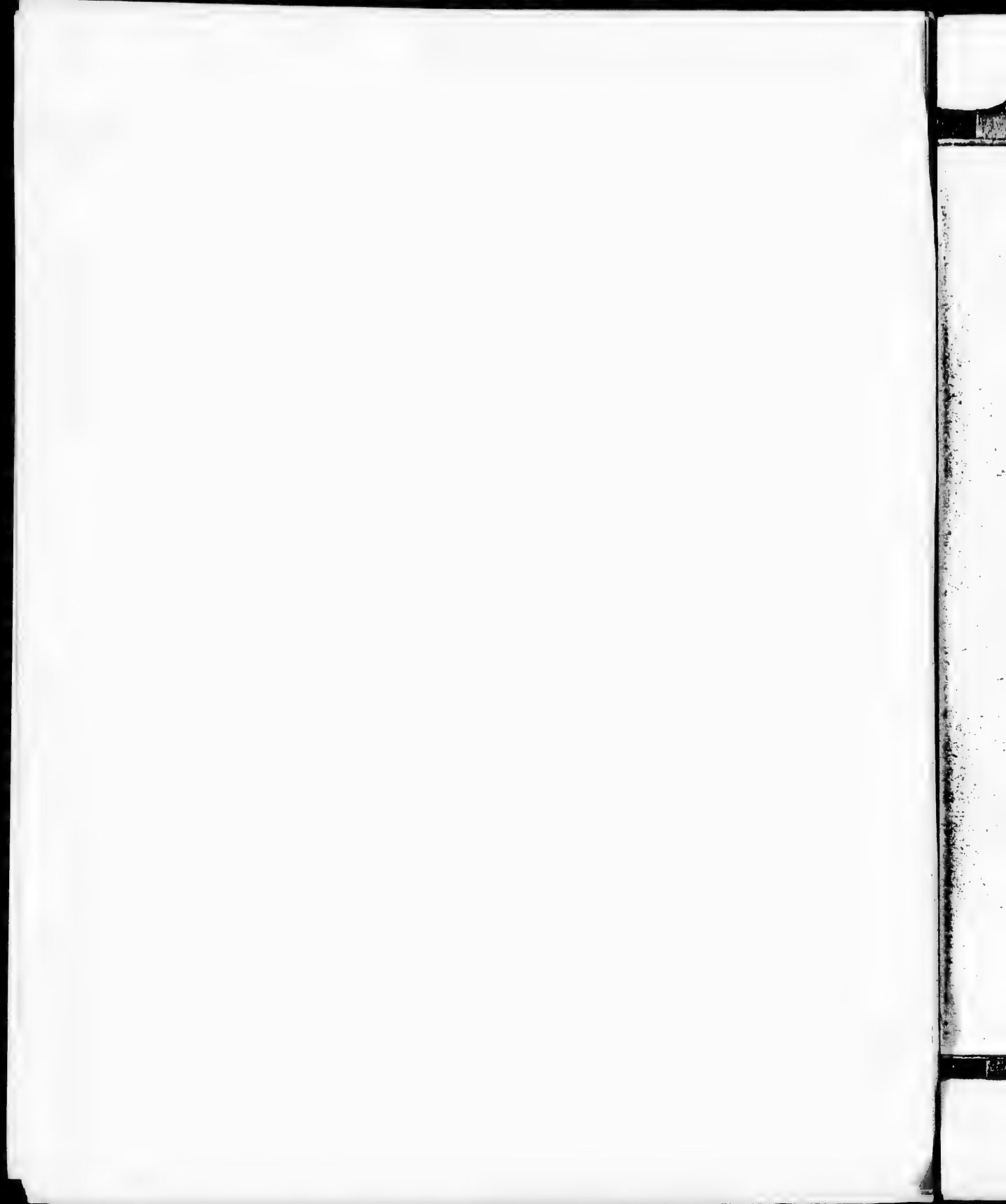
Then lightly dancing, quick advancing,
 Full of fun and gay romancing,
 Home the happy couple drew ;
 Passed the street with rapid feet,
 Chatting of the happy treat,
 Hearts as light as summer dew.

* * * *

My muse return, where late the scene,
 Most brilliant of the brilliant shone,
 Now darkness reigns ; so all unseen
 We'll view the bachelor alone.

* * * *

In his unrest, he quick undressed
 To his full lips a flowret pressed,
 Then seemed to pray, but in the act,
 Bethought him of the patent fact,
 The night was cold. He dimmed the light,
 And blew o'er finger tips " good night "
 To phantom form, whose gleaming eye
 Drew from his breast a heavy sigh.
 Then into bed with lithesome jump ;
And out as prompt ; whence ? what ! this jump ?
 A cat ? A rat ? A loathsome dog ?
 Some deviltry ! perhaps a hog ?
 Then arming with his stoutest cane,
 Well poised to strike with might and main,
 He lifts the coverlet, peeps in,
 And spies——an infant mannikin !



Stands awed ; amazed ; just then, O, list !
 Stretched slowly forth a tiny fist.
 Refreshed by sleep the babe woke up,
 And cooing called for Nature's cup ;
 But finding naught, in muttering cries,
 Exerts its feeble energies.

Oh, Heav'n, what next ? I know no lullaby.
 Have spirits changed me ? Do my dreams supply
 Fantastic visions ? and my common sense
 Exist alone in empty vain pretense ?

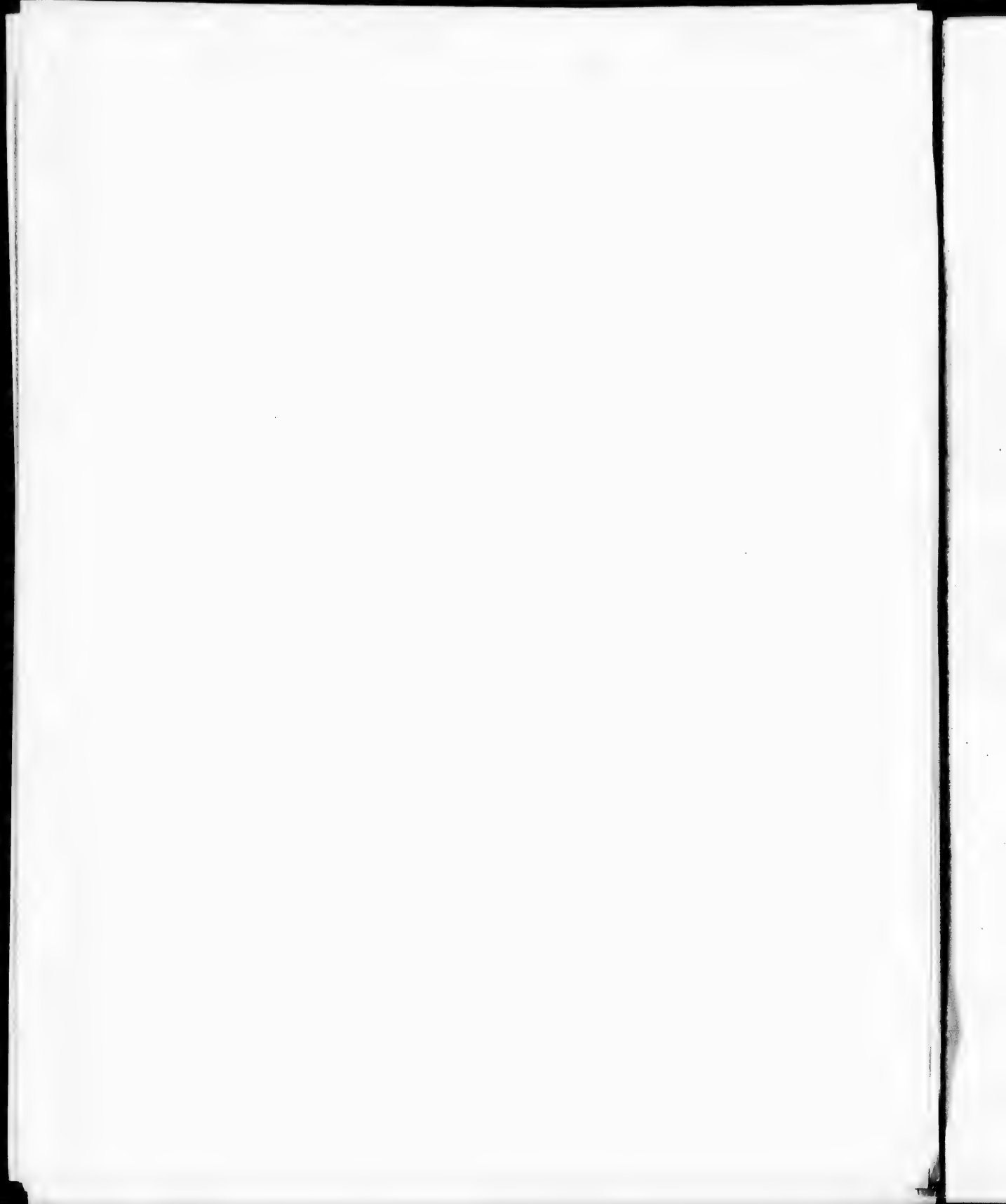
What shall I do ? I cannot nurse ;
 I'll leave *it* there to cry, or worse.
 What will they say ? and this cold night !
 Was ever man in such a plight ?
 He pondered long ; perchance he swore ;
 And e'en his waxed moustaches tore ;
 He clenched his fist. Impotent rage !
 'Twould not the infant's wants assuage.
 At length compassion takes the rein,
 He lifts the babe with stern disdain,
 But yielding soon to Nature's right,
 He gently soothed the tender wight.
 Slow passed the time in chill array,
 With night fast changing into day ;
 Perplexed to bottom of his soul,
 While thus he fill'd th' unwonted role.

* * * *

Now shift the slide,
 And onward glide
 To view
 The happy twain,
 At home again,
 Anew.

* * * *

Unrobing vestments of the ball.
 "One kiss dear love"—and that was all—



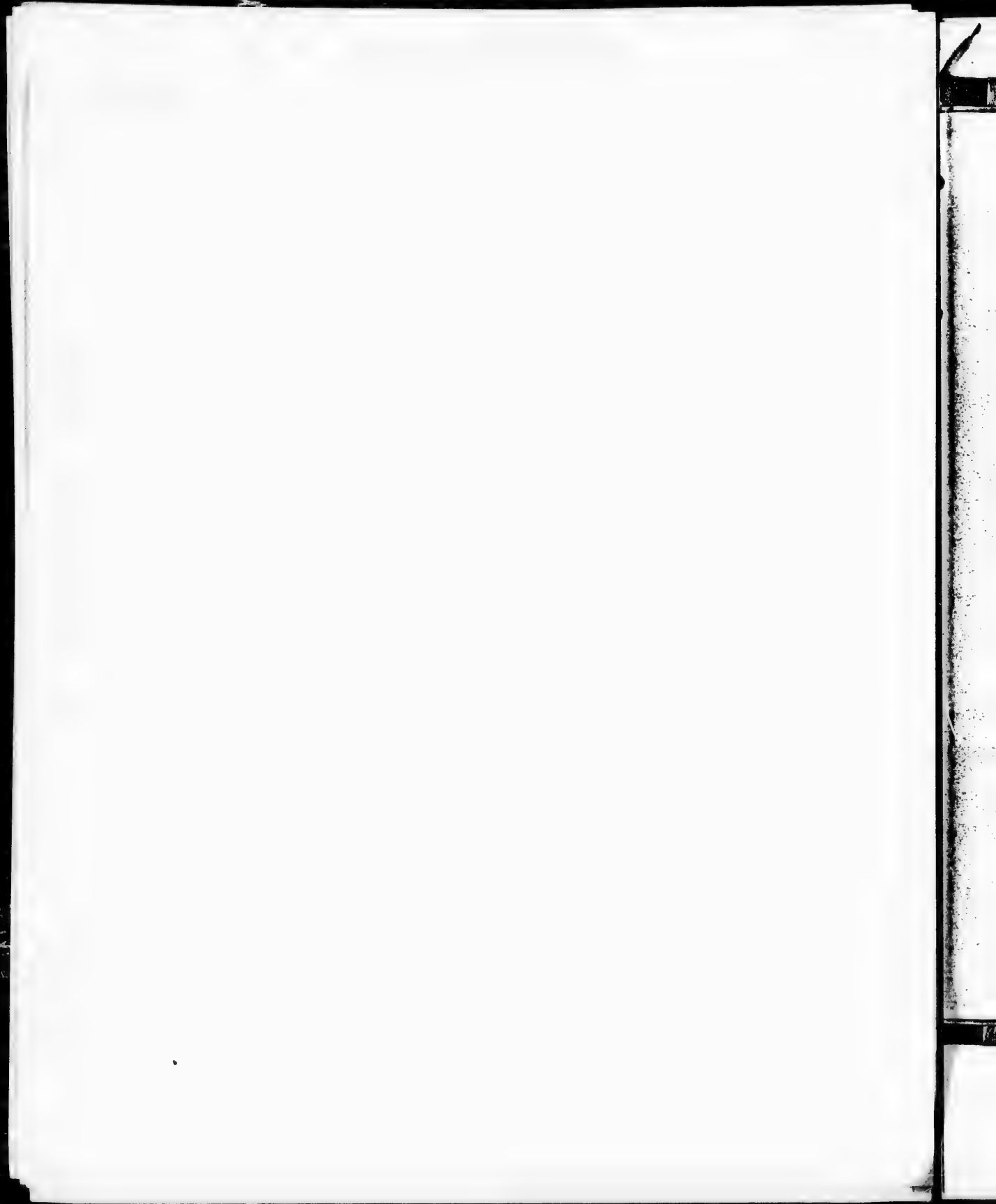
He, stays, below, "Oh! just one smoke"
 She bounds upstairs with gleesome joke,
 In vision sees the sleepy maid;
 And on soft pillow baby laid;
 And all ecstatic in her bliss.
 Leaps to the cradle for a kiss,
 Nor thinks it would be much amiss,
 To rouse the darling's blue iris,
 And in her loving arms prepare,
 To feast upon th' unconscious stare.

* * *

Casting free on bed and chair
 The jewels that bedeck her hair;
 Her bodice loose, that he might share,
 The bounties nature should prepare;
 She rushed to clutch him in her arms,
 When thunderstruck! with dire alarms,
 No babe she found! No child was there!
 The room was empty as the air.
 "My child! My child! My darling child!"
 She raved in tones of maniac wild:
 "My God! My babe! Where have you flown?
 My darling love! Am I alone?"
 Then straining at her streaming locks,
 Tore from the roots the heavy flocks.
 "O, heaven! I faint! I cannot see!
 Whatever will become of me!"
 "John! John!" in her despair;
 "John-n—John-n-n!" rang through the air,
 Then yielding to maternal grief,
 In syncope found brief relief.

* * *

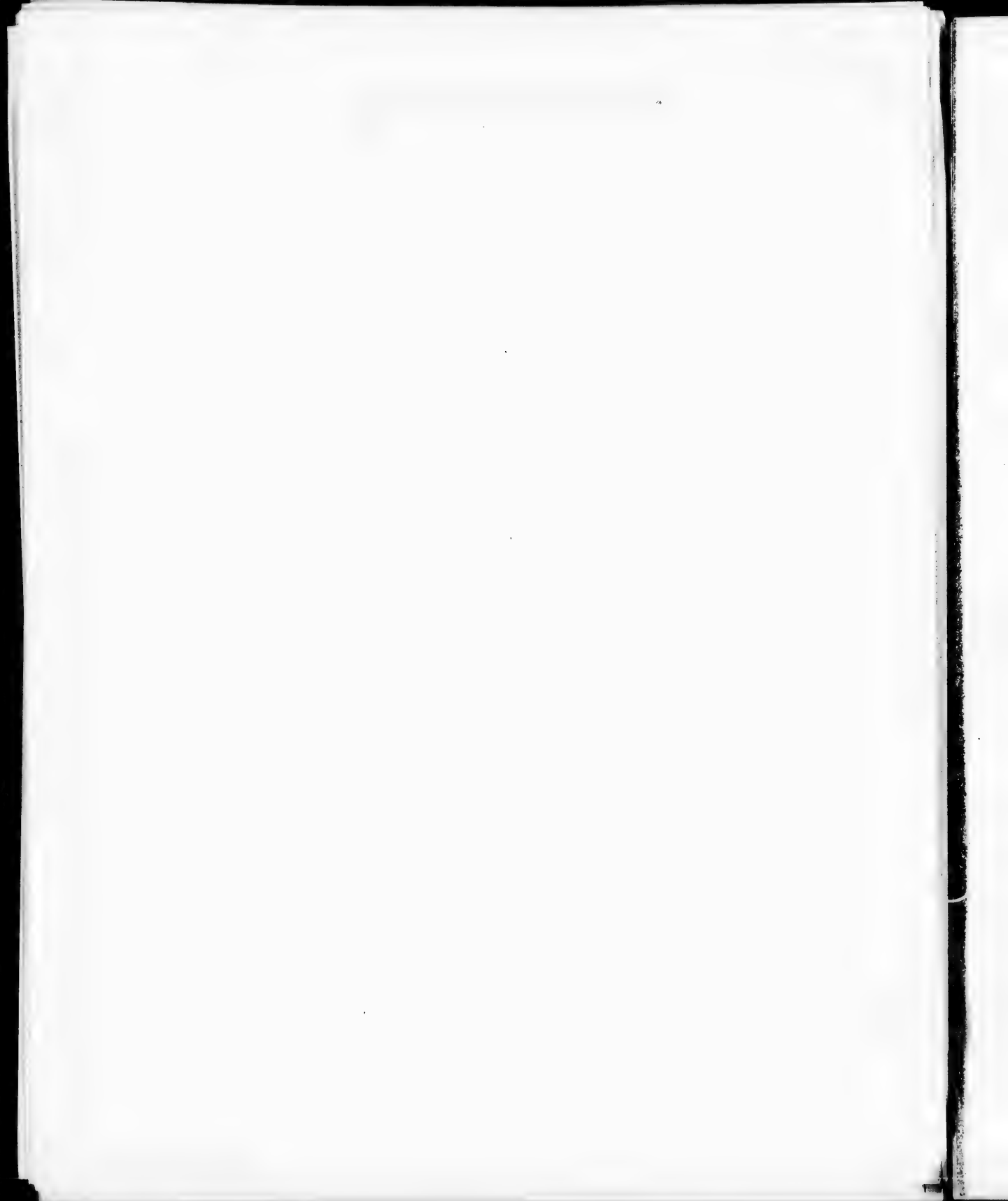
Uprushed he then with hasty stride,
 Dashed fierce his glowing pipe aside,
 Amazed, distressed, caught up his bride,
 And pressed her to his loving side.
 "What ails my love? Come tell me dear,
 What has occurred to make you fear?"



Poor timid mouse, or spider large?
 The maid we will at once discharge——
 But, oh! my love, why this dull breath?
 O! can it be presage of death?
 Arouse my dear, and tend thy son,
 Our happy life has just begun."
 So, as he watched with tender care,
 Uncertain of the cause of scare,
 Nor dreaming of his first-born's loss,
 Her breath returned; sigh followed sigh,
 And sighs so sad no mortal drew,
 Till consciousness returned anew:
 Then, springing sudden from his arm,
 In anguish shrieked the thrill alarm,
 "My babe! My child! My darling child!
 O, John! O, Heaven! I shall go wild!
 Where is my boy? my pet? my joy?
 My lost one? O, my darling boy!"
 Still, as he sought to calm her down,
 One madden'd bound and she had flown,
 Down the dark stair, out in the street,
 Regardless of unslipper'd feet,
 Disordered dress, dishevelled hair,
 Her fragile form, her bosom bare.
 A tender barque, but tempest tossed;
 One only thought, the babe, she'd lost;
 A maniac in maternal grief,
 Whose hot, hot, tears gave no relief.

* * * *

Loud rang the bell with sudden clang,
 And stirred the stilly night;
 And loud, again, the echoes rang,
 They wakened with affright;
 And yet, again, till ope'd the door,
 A vision passed their view;
 Scarce touched the hall, the steps, the floor,
 With meteor force it flew;



Burst in the door, glared round the room,
 Her darling there espied,
 In vain ! In vain ! Oh, sad her doom !
 To reach it vainly tried.
 Exhausted nature sapped her life,
 O'erwhelmed with sudden joy ;
 Her lips but framed some murmurings rife,
 " I've—found—I've—found—my—boy."

TABLEAU.

The bachelor with knee on ground,
 The baby fills one arm ;
 The other passed the wife around,
 Protects from further harm.

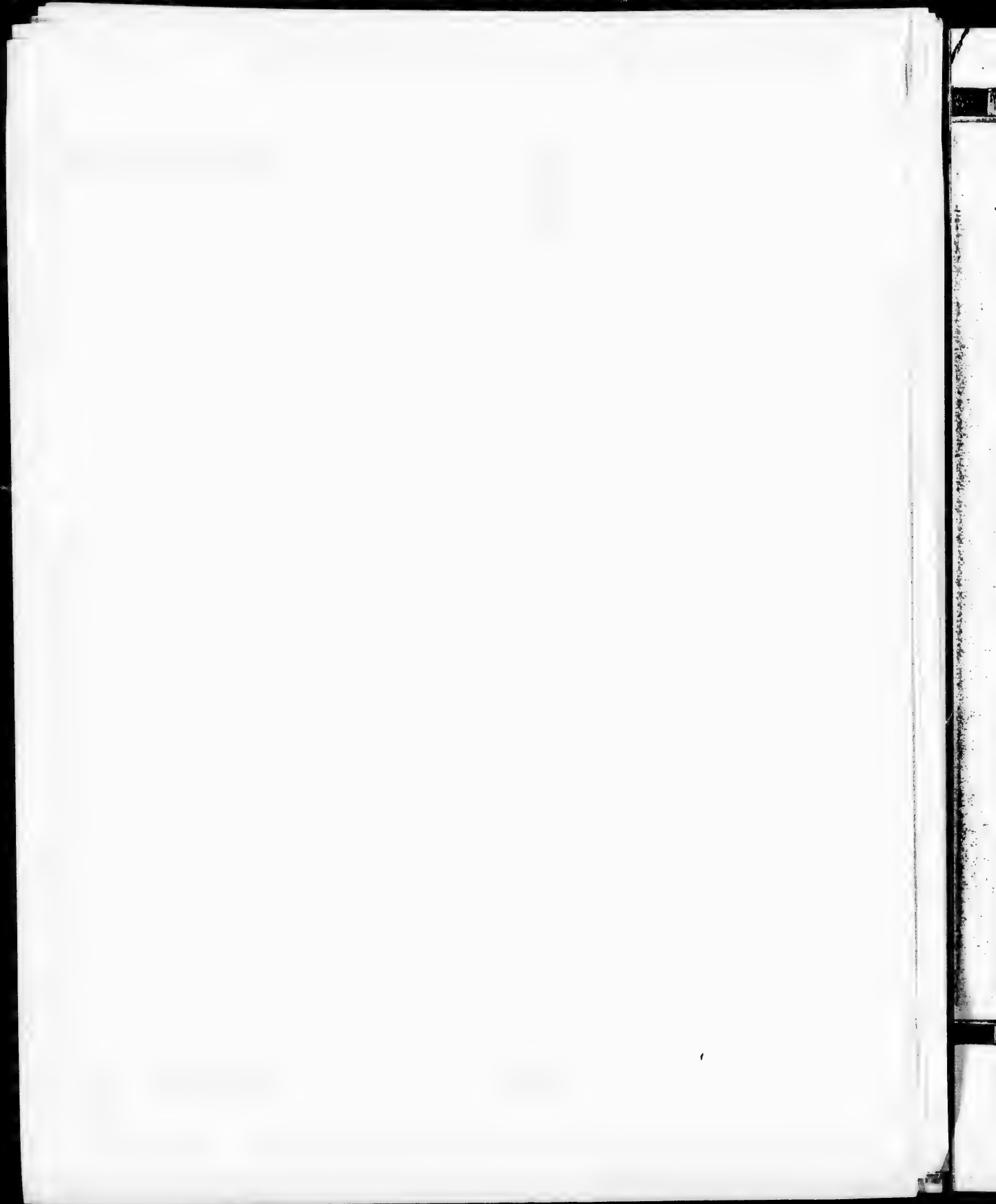
John followed quick, as if for life,
 To soothe his sorrow-stricken wife ;
 Yet failed to emulate her speed,
 Or guess the riddle of her need.

How sad the sight,
 How sad the plight,
 That coming met his eye !
 How sad the night,
 And slow its flight,
 Still sadly wond'ring why !
 At length, her youth, her strength, replaced,
 The consciousness so long effaced ;
 She heard the tender wail again,
 And nature thrilled through ev'ry vein.

* * *

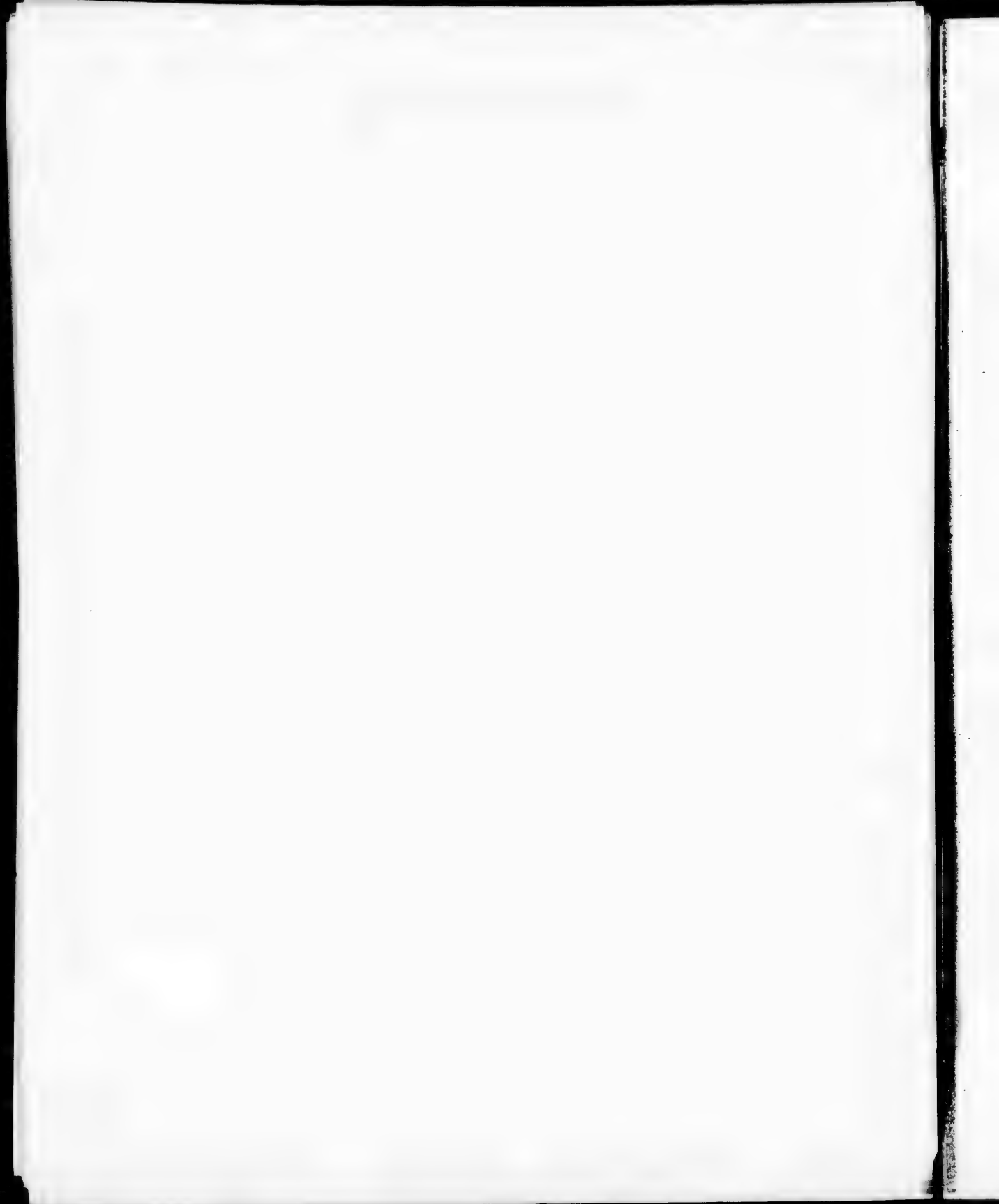
One dear embrace, of baby's face,
 Will dim the trace and soon efface
 All sign of heartfelt sorrow ;
 The present joy, without alloy,
 " My darling boy ! my pretty toy !"
 Last far beyond the morrow.

* * * *



Dear ladies, bend. I'll whisper low,
And breathe—a secret—that—I know;
The bachelor, Hush! not a word,
Is—soon—to marry—Fanny Ford.





FAREWELL TO DEAN BALDWIN.

(NOW BISHOP OF HURON.)

"Harp of the North that mould'ring long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung, "
Till envious joy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet ev'ry string."

* * * * *

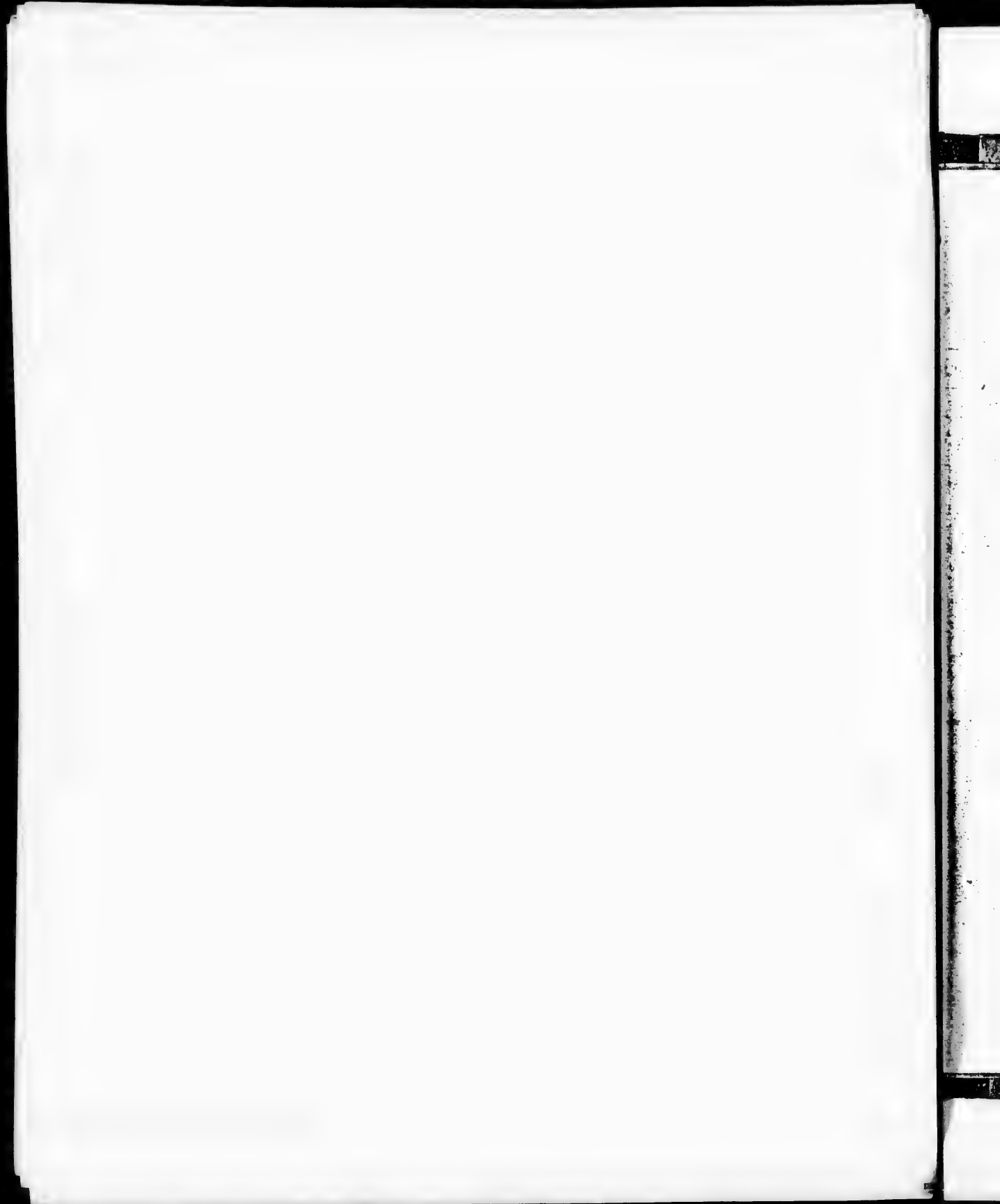
"O, wake, once more! How rude so e'er the hand,
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;"

* * * * *

"Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again."

Thus deftly sang the Wizard of the North,
Yet doubtful, tremulous touched the tender lay,
Till fitting theme drew bolder metre forth;
Anon of hunting field, or battle fray,
Where sword and claymore bright contest the day;
Anon of Highland chief, or gath'ring clan;
Of James FitzJames, by love oft led astray;
Fair Ellen; Groeme; and Douglas 'neath the ban,
Whose prowess thrills the heart of Scotia's man.

Enchantress! touch again thy welcome note,
Pour forth sweet melodies, as zephyrs float,
That all may join the swelling meed of praise,
To modest worth, whose thoughts, whose nights, whose days,
To fellow man are given. Whose kindling soul
Sounds in dull ears the Gospel's trumpet call;
And stems the tide of sin that erst may roll
Far from the shores that bound fair Montreal.



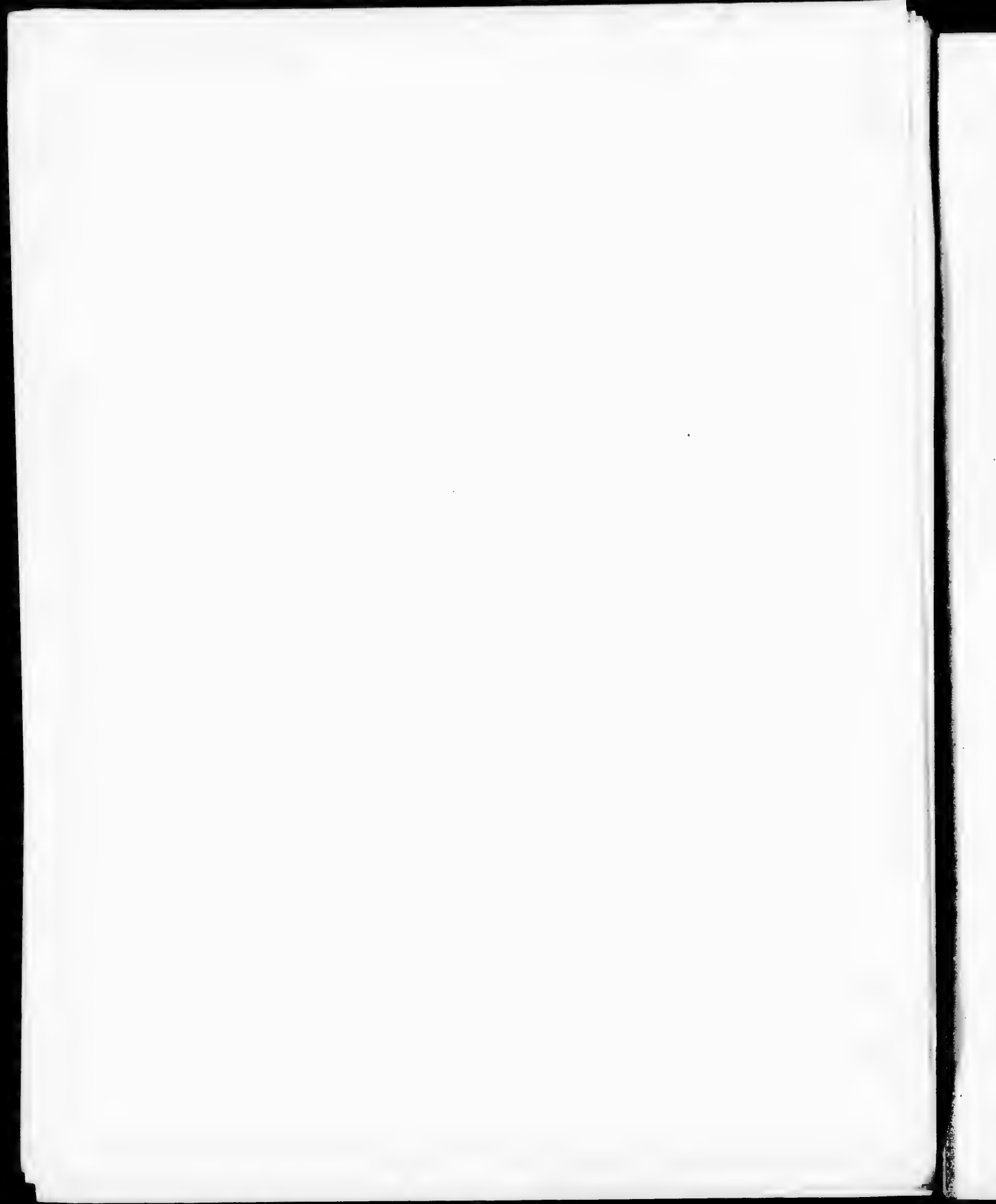
Who is this man? Whence springs his origin?
 A myth? A gnome? A spirit or a gin?
 A phantasy? that follows fever's train,
 And lingers only in distemper'd brain?
 Not such is he, but man of human mould
 Whose fluent tongue turns commonplace to gold
 Whose fervid speech illustrates his vast store
 Of Bible truth and philosophic lore.

Born in the West, of pure Canadian birth,
 His Alma Mater pressed Toronto's soil;
 There grew in knowledge as he grew in worth;
 Enlarg'd his pliant mind by dint of toil;
 In youth, in age, still lov'd the lambent flame.
 Was labor hard? There Baldwin might be found.

He sought not ease, nor yet the bubble, fame—
 For all who mourn, his sympathies abound—
 Yet strange the doom of contrariety,
 Like Cincinnatus at the peaceful plough,
 Unsought his honors fell, fast, full and free,
 So bears with modest grace what friends endow.

Long years have passed since first these lines were penn'd;
 The likeness strikes; the portrait we append.
 "He was a man to all the country dear,
 And passing rich, on forty pounds a year."
 Not dearer he to simple Christian folk,
 Nor more attentive to their soul's first want—
 The pleading eye, his ready help bespoke—
 The love of Christ, of Charity the font.

On Sabbath e'en in deep Cathedral gloom,
 How swell'd the tones that told of Christ arisen!
 Of mercy pure! The full abundant room
 In ev'ry chamber of the welcome heav'n!
 How sprang the arm to point the aerial way!
 And emphasize faith, hope and charity;
 The short dark night; the bright etherial day;
 The three in one, most Holy Trinity.



Nor thunder'd loud to scare the doubting soul ;
 But gently led to contemplate, where peace ;
 Harmonious joy while endless ages roll ;
 And sin and sorrow, lost in Christ, shall cease.

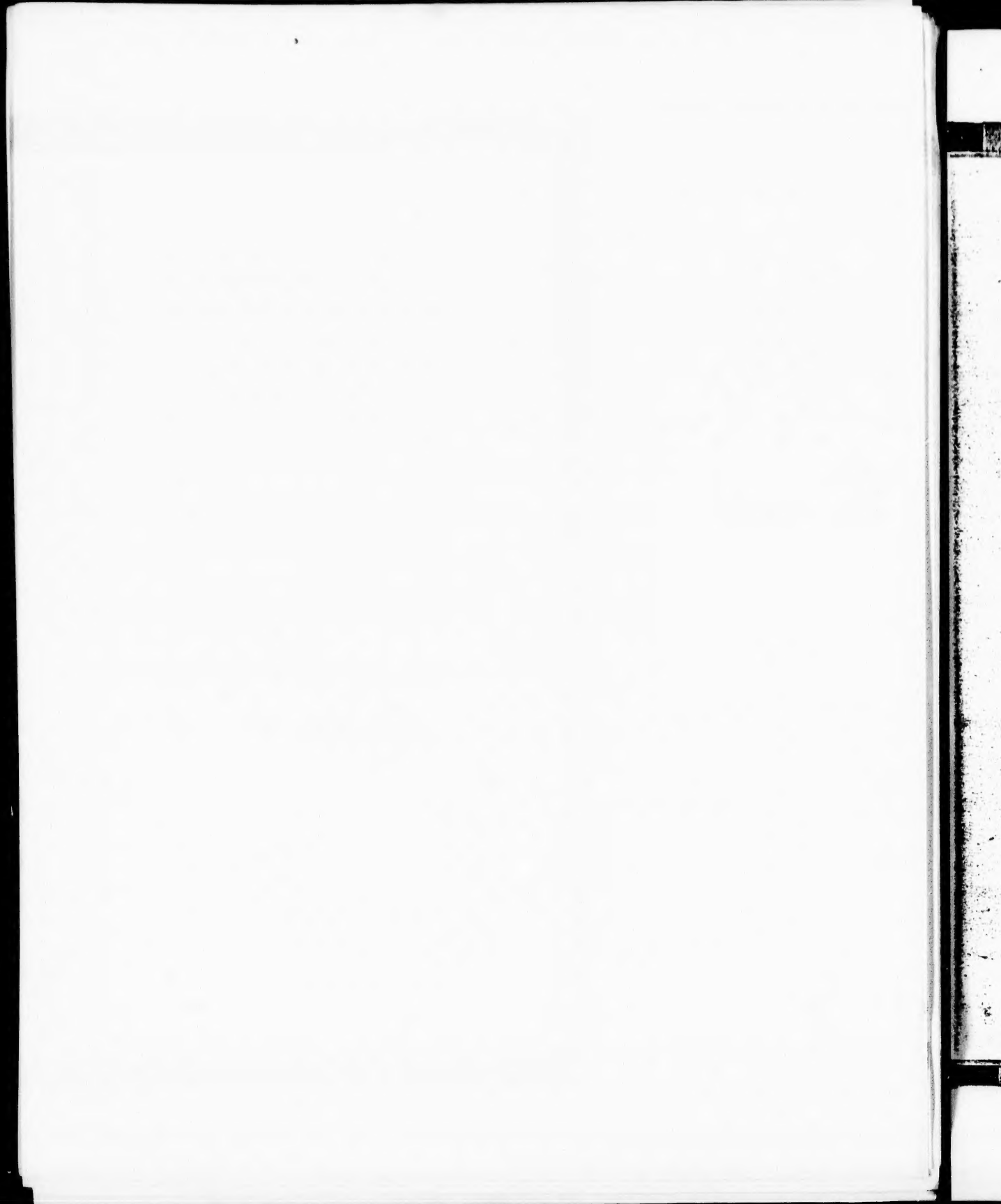
So in the world, where giants met to fight
 The social vices of the agnostic age,
 His voice rang eloquent, for good and right,
 And champion'd manfully his battle gage.
 All men were dear to him who lov'd the Lord ;
 Nor reck'd he what their creed, their name, their style ;
 'Gainst such he sheath'd his trenchant sword,
 Nor deemed in wrath the Saviour to defile.

All honor to the Minister, whose plan
 Spreads love and peace. All honor to the man.
 May God prolong his life and usefulness,
 And give the crown of human hope, Success.

Faint fall the echoes of the waning strain
 As mem'ry dwells with oft recurring pain,
 " His like on earth we ne'er may see again."
 Ah, faint and fainter dies the sad refrain.

Enchantress ! Rouse ! And trumpet forth the hope
 Beyond the grave, where sin, nor scoff, nor Hell.
 May drown our deepest diapason's scope
 In Hymns of constant praise. Dear friend, farewell.

Nov. 30, 1883.



THE BRIDAL MORN.

" Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above."

I



MOTHER, wake ! The day is dawning,
The bright, white light is creeping in,
I cannot sleep !
Through curl'd tendril, vine clad awning.
Pale clustering rose, and Jessamin.
Oh, I must weep !

II

My heart is full, imagining
The future in the misty years ;
I cannot see
Where trends the road, determining
'Tween peace and pain ; oppressive fears
Obtrude on me.

III

Dear Mother, wake ! How sleep so calm !
My brain is worn with ceaseless thought,
Oh, pity me !
Where can I find a soothing balm,
To still the tumult love has wrought
Serenity !

IV

O, simple maid ! O, silly heart !
Hold fast thy golden treasure trove,
In artlessness.
Let not a doubt, a shadow, part
The thread that binds thy crystal love,
Sweet trustfulness !



V

A well known form came to the door ;
A well known step trod on the floor ;
A lover's smile !
No more the tumults of the brain ;
No more the throbbing heart felt pain ;
All flown, meanwhile.

VI

So, as the years sped slowly on,
No cloud bedimmed the horizon ;
True love was there.
The cares, anxieties of life
Displayed the virtues of the wife ;
His manly care.

